MARVEL
PSR 45

AUSTEN
CALAFIORE
McKENNA

EXILES®

A BLINK IN TIME 3OF3

TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

Heather's lost so much *blood*...I don't know what to do--

Why didn't she turn into *Sasquatch*, TJ? Wouldn't her healing factor--?

Blink--we didn't think Illyana was going to try to *kill* us!

She attacked us from *behind*!

Heather will *die* if we don't do something!

Maybe you or Gambit could *teleport* her to a hospital--

Hyperion *destroyed* the one hospital that tried to stay in operation after he took over the city.

Well, I could *possess* her and try to *trigger* the transformation into her Sasquatch form...

...maybe her healing powers would *kick in*?

Can you *make* her transform, TJ?

Probably... I guess.

But, didn't you tell me you could only possess a body *once* per day, Nocturne?

What about the plan to possess *Hyperion*?

Well, sure, but we can't let Heather *die*, Gambit.

We won't, TJ. We'll go after Hyperion *later.*

Our plan's shot anyways after Illyana's stunt.

Right now, saving Heather is the *most important* thing.

Do it, TJ.

Okay... come on, Heather.

Is it working?

ARRRRGGGGHHH!

MEANWHILE, NEARBY...

DIIIIIIIIE, HYPERION!

Oh...the Exiles. How utterly *pathetic.*

OAMLUNG

Morph, get back! Hyperion's too dangerous!

Get offa me, Mimic! He's a dead man!

He killed Illyana!

THUMMM

CRUMP

Waaah... Dorothy, I'm *melting!*

Thanks a *lot*, Mimic. *That* got us far.

Morph--

--we're only going to get *one shot* at taking Hyperion down.

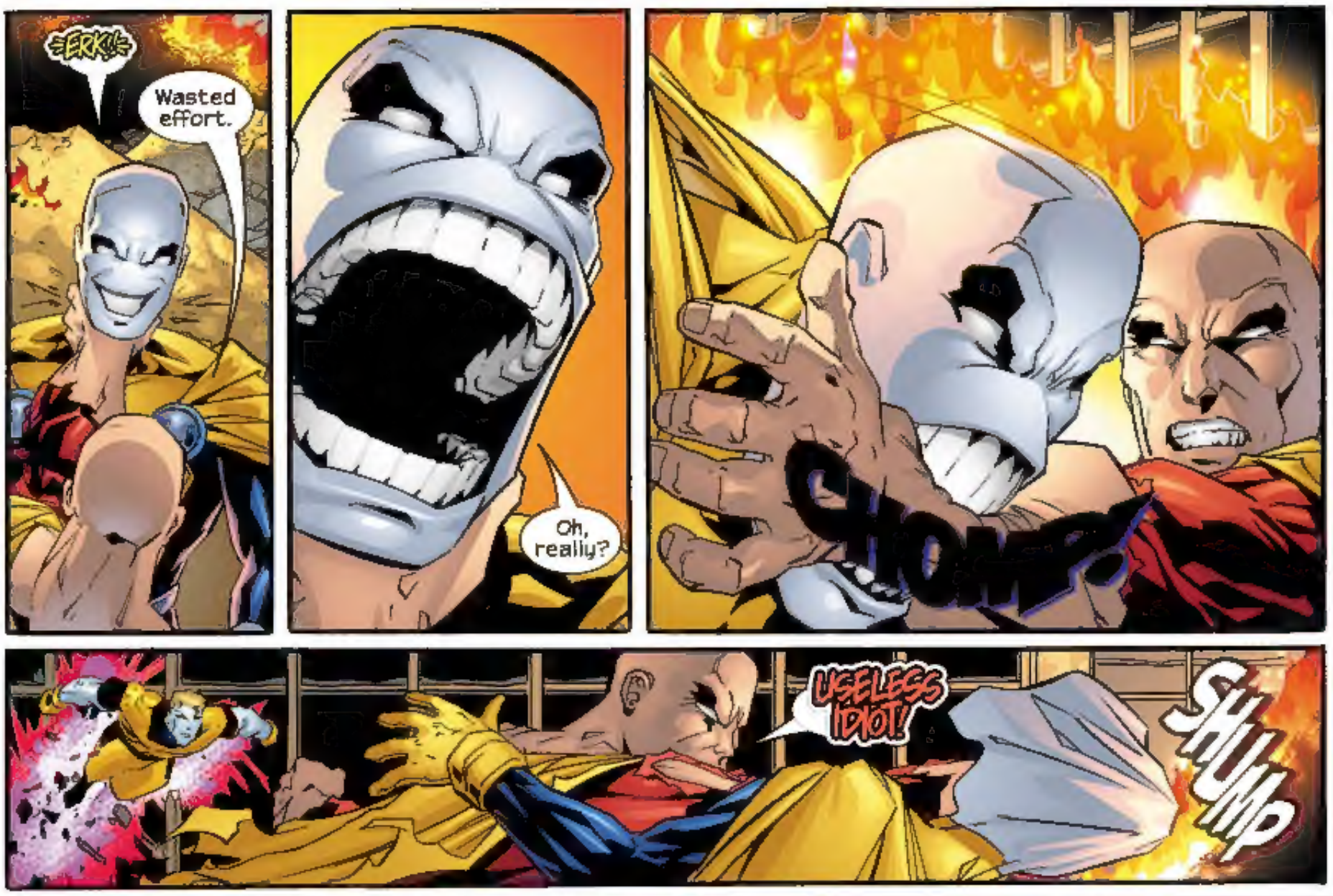
We have to work *together.*

You people waste too much time *talking.*

Fools.

SMASH!

And you waste too much time PONTIFICATING!


=ERK!=
Wasted effort.
Oh, really?
CHOMP
USELESS IDIOT!
SHUMP
THOOOM

You think I'm done with you, Hypey?
=Hic=
You got another thing comin'.

Not so *fast*, Morph.

AAAAAHHHH!

I've got enough energy for one more blast...

...just enough to *kill* you.

Ms. Marvel, to paraphrase your boss--"*talk*" less--

--"DO" MORE!

CRASH

WHOOOM

So strong--

--almost a challenge!

Almost?!

AAAH!

SMAK

Yes. Almost.

I destroyed *all* of my reality's super-humans.

Thor. Hercules. Galactus.

One on one.

In groups.

It didn't matter.

None could stand against me.

None?

As I was saying-- *none.*

In desperation, the humans even tried *nuclear weapons.*

Destroyed their environment. Their own atmosphere.

They thought *they* could find a way to destroy me, too.

But they were *wrong.*

Nothing could stop me.

Not even my own sense of *boredom* with it all.

BLINK!

Nothing.

If you say so.

That worked rather nicely

And now ..now my healing factor can take over, Nocturne. Thank you.

You rest easy then, mon

UHN!

We'll take it from here.

BLINK

Gambit?

Pathetic.

So this is your *last stand,* Gambit?

With these weakling *Exiles?*

I should have ripped your *head* off instead of your arm.

Perhaps I still will!

AAH!

Gambit?!

Blink!
Move! Get up! He's coming!
AAAAH!
=Hack=
SHUFF
Nocturne?
You people are so annoying
Will you please just die?
Oh, dear
Is *that* all you have to offer, Blink?
A sharp pointy *rock*?
Can't you see how thoroughly *futile* this is?
Die with some *dignity*, woman.

Just sit there and let me *end* this all painlessly.

BLAM

Ah, my. . my back. .

...I can't feel my...my *legs*, I...

You--

--what have you *done* to me?

Go, Blink.

You've done your part.

I'll take care of the rest.

Thank you, Gambit!

What's happening to me?

I love you Stormy

This is for you

KRAKOOO

Gambit..

You okay, Cal?

Yeah, I think so.

How about you?

I'm good All healed, I think

The plan worked Blink took him out.

No, *he* took him out.

I just opened the *portal*.

But what happened to Illyana

Dead. Hyperion killed her

And where's Morph?

Dad, it's *him!* The pale guy! Is he *alive?*

He is, but I don't think the bad lady *next* to him is.

...it's *us* should be thanking you. Without you--that woman and her crazy friend--

--well, I hate to think what might have happened to my family.

To the *world,* really.

You did a great thing today. Never forget that.

If she were, she'd still be trying to *kill me,* probably.

Thanks for pulling me out, folks.

Come on, pal, let's go help your mom with these other injured people.

Bye!

So...we won?

How'd *that* happen?

Man, do we know how to *mess up* New York City or *what?*

Two missions in a row...

...next one better be to Tahiti... or *Vegas,* man! Wine, women and--

...and being utterly tone deaf... *more wine!*

Your next trip will be *home,* Morph.

Huh? *Timebroker?* What are you talking about?

And what did I *miss?*

Not that I wasn't paying attention, mind you

You're right, Morph, first things first.

To be honest, the universe has basically bit off more than it can *chew,* lately.

The diverse personal ties of you Exiles and of Weapon X...the alien possession of Mimic...

...it's all *disrupted* your collective subconscious.

And as the *representation* of said subconscious--

--I've come off appearing a bit *insane.*

All very confusing stuff, I know...but it means my role became one of *repair,* of late.

So due to the *disruptive nature* of Hyperion and his Weapon X team deciding they would abandon their mission and rule a world--

--very silly stuff--

--a *cure* needed to be found.

And to do that, we needed to *remove* some of the conflicting personalities as quickly as possible.

You...you mean you had us *killing each other!*

True.

Like a virus, some of you had to be *expunged* for the good of the body--the *universe.*

You weren't the *first* group of reality fixers we brought together... but you have been the most *successful.*

"We" brought together?

Did I say *we?* My mistake

A slip of the collective subconscious tongue.

And now, the group is back to one harmonious team.

Less *you,* of course.

Wait a minute-- less me?

Did you say I was going home?

Yes, Morph. It's your turn to return home.

My real home...

...home, home? Like, as in, home?

Yes, Morph.

Your reality is now repaired.

You can go home.

Home?

Guys, I found Morph. He's okay!

Hey, buddy? You all right?

We were getting worried about you, but maybe--

--hey, you're not still mad at me, are you?

I don't want to go.

Timebroker, I don't want to go.

You've always been one of my *favorites,* Morph.

So if you want to stay with your friends, I can arrange it.

Not friends-- this is my *family* now.

How could I *leave* them?

Then *take care* of them, Morph.

And I will keep this between you and I.

Timebroker?! *WAIT!*

I...I'll explain everything to you later, guys.

Did anyone else make it out alive? Where's Hyperion?

Dead. And no...no one else survived. We're *it.*

Cal...I know it wasn't *your* fault that Sunfire died.

And I know how easily this life can make us do things we never would ordinarily.

You're one of the most heroic men I've ever met...

...and it was an *accident.* I know that.

Thanks, Morph. That means *a lot* from you.

You're like a *brother* to me.

LATER...

SOLED

Reports are coming in that the man named **Hyperion**, and his small band of super-powered **murderers**, have finally been stopped.

Their bid, not only to destroy New York City, killing **thousands** of innocent citizens and nearly every major super hero--

--but to take over the **world** as well, was prevented by a group of unknown protectors--

--a group of people as **mysterious** in nature as the man they defeated, some of whom paid the **ultimate sacrifice** for our benefit.

We are still attempting to find out exactly **who** these super heroes were--

--where they came from--

--and what we can do to **repay** them.

YAAAAWWWN!

We owe these heroes an **enormous** debt of gratitude.

We'll figure out our next move in the morning, guys.

The Tallus gave us twenty-four hours to ***rest*** before our next dimension shift.

Wow.

What should we do with all that ***free time?***

I was thinking--

--maybe--

--a little dancing--

Whoever you are...

...wherever you may be...

"...rest well tonight.

"And know you have the thanks of a *very* grateful world."

NEXT THE EXILES RELOAD

with all new writer and artist TONY BEDARD & MIZUKI SAKAKIBARA